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Street, Twentieth Street, and Chicago Avenue. The civic center is a mile from the lake front. Grouped around it are suggested imposing municipal structures and from it radiate ten avenues, most conveniently arranged for distributing the future street traffic. The underground subway already relieves the streets of Chicago of heavy freight refuse and other hauling. Diagonal avenues commence at Twentieth Street, Chicago Avenue and Halsted Street and run to Congress Street west of the civic center.

The street plan gives an adequate scheme for future traffic.

The railroads are grouped in two sections. Several railroad stations are located on Twelfth Street, with a second group on an adjoining street, with subways leading to the lower level for the convenience of vehicular traffic and foot passengers.

The principal groups of buildings are the civic center, where municipal offices will be located, and the group on Grant Park with the Field Museum as a center; on either side of which will be a great group for fine arts and literature. Thus will be accommodated science, art and literature. The sketches suggest classic structures which will form a most imposing sight, both from the park and the lake, while the municipal dome or tower in the civic center will be of sufficient height and size to emphasize the center of the city.

The execution of this work, I do not feel, is a dream, but the beginning of what will be an accomplished fact in the greater Chicago of the future.

The American Institute of Architects has chosen as the principal topic for its convention, to be held at Washington, December 14-16, 1909, the relation of Railways to National and Civic Development. Participation has been promised by the principal railways, and papers will be read by prominent officials and experts. At the time of this convention a memorial meeting to Charles Follen McKim will be held, tributes being paid by representative artists, men of letters and statesmen.

THE CITIZEN

PICTURE POST-CARDS.

The attention of the Citizen has recently been called to picture post-cards, by having them thrust upon him at almost every turn. The picture post-card today is something none can escape. It greets you in your morning mail, it meets you on the street corner, it follows you into the railroad train; at the hotel, the bank, the art gallery, it is waiting for you on the threshold. Therefore, why not consider it seriously? There was probably never an age so picture-mad as the present. The Citizen has a friend who declares that in a generation or two this will be the only means of communication—that people are forgetting how to read because they are being over-fed by the magazines on pictures, and that they are likewise forgetting how to write because of the picture post-cards. But this friend is a pessimist, or likes to make people think he is.

All these dark forebodings the Citizen does not share, but he will not affirm that they are groundless. He was talking with an architect the other day, and, happening to mention a certain uncommonly interesting article which had appeared recently in a technical magazine, was asked if it was illustrated. Replying in the negative, this architect exclaimed, with perfect candor, "Ah, that was it. I never have time to more than look at the pictures." And the Citizen has observed of late that very few long, interesting letters come back across the Atlantic from friends taking summer tours. "Only time for a postal, but this picture will tell you how beautiful this place is," is the form of superscription to be found on the majority of picture post-card missives. Now if this were true there would be little reason for complaint—but, alas, many of the picture post-cards tell their story very feebly—at least those which set forth scenes in America.

The Citizen has a misgiving that many of the American postals are printed abroad, but, if so, it is hard to understand why they should be so inferior to those

one can buy on the other side of the ocean. Perhaps the sellers here are greedier and, wishing to make more profit, secure inferior product; possibly those who make the photographs from which the reproductions are made have less instinct for art and think that anything at which they may snap their camera's eye will make a picture. Certainly there are comparatively few which merit regard as works of art. This does not apply to those one sees abroad. Traveling from place to place in England, and on the Continent, one finds that the choicest views have been hunted out and with delightful feeling reproduced on post-cards. And most of the post-cards offered for sale across the sea are in one tint—black and white or sepia—seldom does one see any in color—and perchance when one does, as at Bruges, they are really gems—examples of the highest order of color-printing. But here, in America, what fearful atrocities are offered! Shiny, slippery, meaningless colors, bearing false witness of the worst kind to the beauty they would declare. Glance at Niagara as thus pictured, or at the Yellowstone Valley—would anyone be attracted to either? And yet it is the colored picture post-cards which the Citizen is told "sell best," the truer ones in monotint being little in demand. Seeking an explanation the Citizen is reminded of an account he read in a newspaper some years ago of an exhibition which was said to display "much taste—some good and some bad."

But what a business it has become this making and selling of picture post-cards! An acquaintance who saved enough out of a modest salary to take a two-months trip abroad, a season or so ago, recently confessed to the Citizen that she had spent forty dollars on picture post-cards to keep and to send during that comparatively brief time—probably a sixth of the cost of her whole holiday trip; and, if she, then probably many like her. As the Citizen remembers having purchased one hundred in Paris of a guileless young Armenian, who generously offered to "spleky American" with him, for the enormous amount of a franc, he wonders what his acquaintance's home-coming

hand-luggage must have weighed. To return, however, to the point—if there is one. If the world has gone picture-mad and would satisfy its appetite with post-cards, certainly some philanthropist ought to make it his business to see that the public taste is not vitiated—that it has the right kind of food to feed upon. And if picture post-card making and selling is becoming a great business, then the better the product logically the more reward. There are two extremes in picture-postals, the reproduction of works of art so superior that it seems a desecration to send them through the mails, and the representation of semi-comic things too vulgar to be circulated. From the standpoint of the Citizen here is an opportunity and a danger—but then, of course, the Citizen isn't all-wise.

VENICE—AN EXAMPLE

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ART GALLERY AS MANIFESTED IN THE INTERNATIONAL BIENNIAL EXHIBITION

BY ANNA SEATON-SCHMIDT.

The most important event in the art world of Italy since the great days of the Renaissance has been the establishment of an International Biennial Exhibition in Venice.

When first proposed the artists of other countries pessimistically insisted that Italy *had* no modern art; that her people had lived too long on memories of their past glory to produce anything which could attract travelers to such an exposition. But the Municipal Government of Venice decided otherwise, and to the indomitable courage and energetic enterprise of her Mayor, Ricardo Selvatico, and of her Deputy, Antonio Fradeletto, is due the marvellous success of this difficult undertaking. The Exhibition just closing has proved to the world that a new life has entered the veins of Italian artists, that they are ready, not only to compete with those of other nations, but in one of the most important departments